



DOCTOR WHO #6

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TARGO HAD BEEN RIDING THE DOLPHINNA, PRACTISING FOR A SAMB OF WAYBIRDERS WHEN HE'D BEEN PLUCKED OFF HIS PLANET AND BROUGHT HERE.

BROUGHT HERE WITH EVERY OTHER MEMBER OF HIS SPECIES. PRETTY MUCH WHEREVER HERE WAS.

THE STRANGE MAN TOLD THEM THEY HAD BEEN TAKEN AWAY BECAUSE SOMEONE HAD BUILT A WEAPON THAT WOULD USE ALL THE PSYCHIC ENERGY CREATED BY THEIR COLLECTIVE TRAUMAS.

TARGO WASN'T SOURE HE UNDERSTOOD THAT, OR CARED ALL THAT CONCERNED HIM WAS SURVIVING LONG ENOUGH TO GET HOME AND WAYBIRD.

APPARENTLY, THE STRANGE MAN HAD SAID, SOME CREATURE, SOMETHING ANCIENT AND EVIL, WAS BREACHING INTO THE UNIVERSE. TARGO'S WORLD WAS PERFECTLY ALIGNED, ALONG WITH TEN OTHER WORLDS, TO FORM A "PSYCHIC CHANNEL" THAT COULD CLOSE DOWN THIS TEAR IN THE FABRIC OF SPACE AND TIME.

APPARENTLY.

TARGO REMEMBERED THAT THE STRANGE MAN HAD ALLIED WITH A GROUP HE'D REFERRED TO AS THE PANTHEON. THEY HAD FOUND A SONIC WEAPON THAT COULD DESTROY THE INVADER.

SO THAT WAS GEAR THEN.

EXCEPT THAT THE PANTHEON HAD BEEN BETRAYED, THE GUN STOLEN, AND THE THIEF WAS LEADING AN ARMY OF ROBOTS AGAINST THE INHABITANTS OF THE TEN PLANETS, NONE OF WHOM WERE ENDANGERED ABBRESSIVE, EXCEPT THE TAUREANS...





DOCTOR! WE
ARE WINNING THIS,
THE SONGS ARE
SONGS ABOUT US
FOR ETERNITY!

INVASION.
WE ARE WINNING THIS,
AND AT LEAST
THESE SONGS ARE
SONGS ABOUT US
FOR ETERNITY...

BUT IT'S ONE
WITH THE SONGS.
IF IT MEANS WE CAN
STOP THARLOT
AND SAVE THE
UNIVERSE...

NOT MUCH
TO SAY, IS
IT?

"STILL, I ALWAYS LIKE TO BELIEVE IN IMPOSSIBLE THINGS BEFORE BREAKFAST, JUST HOPE HENNING IS THE ELEVENTH..."

"WONDER WHAT THE SONG LYRICS'LL BE. MORE LENNON/MACTEAIR THAN GILBERT OR SULLIVAN I HOPE."

"ALTHOUGH KNOWING MY LUCK FAVOURITELY, IT'LL BE STOOGES, MISTER AND WATERMAN..."

"YUNNY WHAT GOES THROUGH YOUR MIND AT TIMES? I MEAN, ARETHA ASKED MARTHA WHAT HER FAVOURITE MUSIC IS... ARETHA FEARLESSLY JOSS STONE? ALICE DOWDY? WHEN THIS IS OVER... I MUST ASK, AND HER FAVOURITE COLOUR, AND BOOK, AND JAMES BOND MOVIE, AND TELEVISION. BETTER NOT BE PO, THOUGH — STRAIGHT BACK HOME FOR HER IF IT IS."

"HUV MUM, I'M STUCK HERE ON AN ALIEN PLANET COUNTLESS STAR SYSTEMS FROM EARTH, ABOUT TO DIE IN A BATTLE I CANNOT BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND. SO HEAVEN KNOWS WHAT YOU'D MAKE OF IT, BUT I'LL TELL YOU THIS FOR NOTHING: I WOULDN'T CHANGE IT FOR ANYTHING. HELL, MAMMA'S DYING BIT, BUT BEING HERE? SEEING THE UNIVERSE, GOOD AND BAD? WITH THE DOCTOR AND HIS TAIRIS? WOULDN'T SWAP A MOMENT OF IT."

"I ONLY WISH THERE WAS SOME WAY I COULD LET YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU, DAD, EVERYONE... AND HOW PROUD I AM TO BE HERE, USING MY MEDICAL SKILLS, EVERYTHING I LEARNED. IT'S ALL BEEN WORTH IT — AND IF I DIE TODAY, YOU'LL NEVER KNOW. DON'T HATE HIM, MUM. THE DOCTOR'S BRILLIANT. BECAUSE HE SAID 'WELL?' TO ME EARLIER, AND THAT MEANT THE WORLD TO ME."

"AND YOU KNOW WHAT ELSE IS BEARABLE? ALL I CAN THINK OF IS TINY WINKY IN A FIELD OF RABBITS, SWAYING HIS HANDS AROUND, FUNNY THINGS YOU THINK OF IN TIMES OF STRESS..."



"THE PANTHEON WERE BETRAYED
THEY MADE THIS MISTAKE OF EMPLOYING
A MAN CALLED THARLON—HE WAS
ACTUALLY WORKING FOR THE GREAT BIL'
(THIS MONTH'S GREAT EVIL, ANYWAY)
AND SENT THE DOCTOR AND ME BACK
THROUGH TIME AND SPACE TO GET THIS
SONIC WEAPON BEING DEVELOPED ON
EARTH IN THE 1950s, WITH ME SO FAR?"



"COURSE, THE PANTHON HADN'T REALISED THAELOT WOULD GO TO SUCH LENGTHS TO GET THE WEAPON HIMSELF. THERE WERE NO SURVIVORS AT THE NAVAL BASE BY THE TIME IT WAS FINISHED. YOU SEE, THAELOT HAD SENT US A BIT TOO LATE — HE'D BEEN THERE FOR MONTHS ALREADY. HE HAD US INJURED TO DRAW THE DOCTORS TO THE BASE, THEN LET HIS NATURE TAKE HOLD. THE ROBOTS ON HIS HOME PLANET HAD WARNED US HE WAS A KILLER AND HADN'T RECOMMENDED WITH THE FEROCITY HE'D SHOW."



"ALSO WORKING AT THE BASE HAD BEEN A HUMAN FROM THE SIXTH CENTURY (MEH, MUM, I KNOW—TRUST ME, THAT'S NOTHING). HIS NAME WAS RUM, AND THE PANTHEON HAD EMPLOYED HIM TO GET ALL THIS UP. HE WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR FINDING THARLOT. NO ONE QUITE HAD THE GUTS TO SAY TO HIM 'GOOD CHOICE, MATE! WELL THOUGHT OUT'."



"NOT THAT
MANONG, I
FELT ASKED."

YOU HAVE
SOMETHING I

AND I'LL
GET IN ANY
WAY I CAN!

VREEEEE



WHO'S NEXT,
THEN? DOCTOR?
MISS JONES? OR
SHALL WE LEAVE
IT TO POT
LIMERICK

APPENDIX

MASTERS

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4522, THARLOT,
THAT'S IMPRESSING
HUMAN TECHNOLOGY, BUT
THIS SONIC SCREWDRIVER?
OH THAT'S MUCH BETTER
TECH, AND NO MATTER WHAT
YOU THROW AT IT, I CAN
HOLD YOU BACK.

MUCH IS HOW
YOU'RE AFTER IT,
ISN'T IT?

COS IF YOU ADD
MY SCREWDRIVER TO
THE POWER OF THAT
WEAPON, YOU COULD RULE
THE UNIVERSE THROUGH
FEAR, TERROR AND A
RATHER LOUD NOISE,
YES?

WELL, TOUGH
LUCK, BECAUSE
YOU'RE NOT
HAVING IT, NOW
OR EVER.





BY THE LOOK OF THE RED SCORCHING ON THIS, DOCTOR, YOU'VE GOT TRACES OF HIS ENERGY AS HE DE-MATERIALISED. CAN'T WE USE THE TARDIS TO TRACK IT DOWN?

MARTHA JONES: I LOVE YOU. ER PWD COMPLETE SERIES BOX SET FOR YOU NEXT TIME WE GET BACK TO 20TH CENTURY EARTH.

BUT YOUR TARDIS ISN'T HERE...

NO, BUT WE KNOW WHERE IT IS AND I'M SURE BURASTION AND HIS CHUMS CAN GET US THERE QUITE EASILY.

QUELL SURPRISE. IT'S LOTS A BAD PANTOMIME. I JUST HAD TO SAY YOUR NAME AND ONE "THEY'RE BEHIND YOU" LATER, HERE YOU ARE.

I'M SO NOT GOING TO GET USED TO THIS...

YOU INSURE YOUR TARDIS? IT IS ON OMIFALOS.

YUP. I KNOW. EVEN MISTER WAIN KNOWS THAT, AND I'M NOT SURE HE KNOWS A GREAT DEAL TO BE HONEST. LIKE HOW DAFT IT IS TO MAKE ROSES-55 DEALS WITH ENTITIES THAT THINK OF THEMSELVES AS GODS.

SO JUST GET ME BACK THERE ASAP SO I CAN GET YOU OUT OF THIS COLOSSAL MESS YOU'VE CREATED.

WE DID NOT CREATE THIS SITUATION...

OH, I GOT REAL— OF COURSE YOU DID. AT SOME POINT WHEN YOU LOT WERE MESSING AROUND WITH THE COSMOS, DOING WHATEVER IT IS ALIENS WITH DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR DO ON A WET SUNDAY AFTERNOON, YOU PROBABLY POSED A FINGER THROUGH A TINY BREACH IN THE FABRIC OF SPACE AND TIME—PROBABLY CREATING THIS DIMENSIONAL STASH AND A HIDE-OUT, NOW, COME TO THINK OF IT—AND SURPRISE, SURPRISE, SOMEBODY ON THE OTHER SIDE STUCK THEIR FINGER BACK AGAIN.

HOW DARK YOU DO YOU NOT KNOW WHO YOU ARE CHASTISING? WE ARE THE PANTHEON, WE ARE THE—

OH, DO SALT UP! THERE ARE MILLIONS OF PEOPLE OUT THERE, WHIPPED OFF THEIR HOME PLANETS, CONFUSED, SCARED, ANGRY (ESPECIALLY THE TAURIANS, THEY HAVE TEMPERERS MILDLY SHORTER THAN MINE AT TIMES LIKE THIS) AND UNAWARE THAT'S PART OF SOME UNIVERSAL WEAPON YOU'VE KNOCKED TOGETHER WITH THEIR PLANETARY ALIGNMENTS TO SEAL THAT BREACH.

BUT THARLOT RETRANSMISSIONS HAS BEEN CONTACTED BY THE CREATURE THAT'S COMING THROUGH THE BREACH ALREADY, AND THARLOT'S MAD, AND A CONVICTED MASS MURDERER, VENAL, SOME GREAT ALL-POWERFUL BEINGS YOU ARE. ALL THAT POWER, ALL THAT SHAPE-CHANGING ABILITIES AND WHAT YOU REALLY NEED AT THE END OF THE DAY IS A TIME-LODGED, A FANTASTIC HUMAN FROM SOUTH LONDON AND A SONIC SCREWBURNER.

AND NOW YOU'VE LET SOME SH-SPOT RUN OFF WITH THE ONLY VERY REAL INSTRUMENT WE COULD USE TO CLOSE IT. COS YEAH, ALL THAT PSYCHIC ENERGY YOU BEEN RELYING ON, THAT MIGHT STOP THE CREATURE, BUT IT WON'T BE ENOUGH TO SEAL THE BREACH. FOR THAT, YOU NEED TO REWRITHE THE MOLECULES OF THE DASH ITSELF, AND SONICS ARE DEAD GOOD FOR THAT. AND, AS THARLOT KNOWS, CHUCK MY SONIC SCREWBURNER—

MY LOVELY FULL OF GALL-FREYAN TIME LORD TECHNOLOGY SCREWBURNER—INTO THE MIX AND BINGO, YOU HAVE WHAT YOU NEED.

JUST AS WELL, THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT THEY'VE GOT THEM.

LISTEN TO ME MARHTA.
THIS IS BIG, AND DANGEROUS,
THE PANTHON HAS EFFECTIVELY
BULLIED, CHEATED AND MANIPULATED
US INTO DOING THIS. BLACKMAILED
ALMOST. AND THERE'S NOTHING I CAN
DO. I CAN'T WALK AWAY, CAN'T SINK
THIS ONE A MISS, BECAUSE THERE
ARE TOO MANY LIVES AT
STAKE HERE.

AND THE
EXISTENCE OF
THE ENTIRE
UNIVERSE.

WELL, YES THERE IS
THAT. BUT SERIOUSLY, WE GOT
BACK TO THE TARDIS AND HEAD
AFTER THAT PLOT. FINE. AFTER THAT, I
CAN OFFER NO GUARANTEE FOR YOUR
SAFETY, OR MINE, OR ANYONE'S. AND I
MADE A PROMISE TO YOUR MUM — AND
HEAVEN HELP ME, YOUR MUM HAS A LEFT
HOOK. GEORGE FORDMAN WOULD'VE BEEN
PROUD OF — A PROMISE TO KEEP YOU
SAFE. AND I CAN'T KEEP THAT
PROMISE IF YOU COME
WITH ME.

SO, IF YOU STAN
IN THE TARDIS TILL
IT'S ALL OVER, I'D BE
HAPPIER. YOU'D BE SAFE.
AND YOUR MUM WILL STILL
HAVE A MARVELLOUS,
MAGNIFICENT
MARHTA.



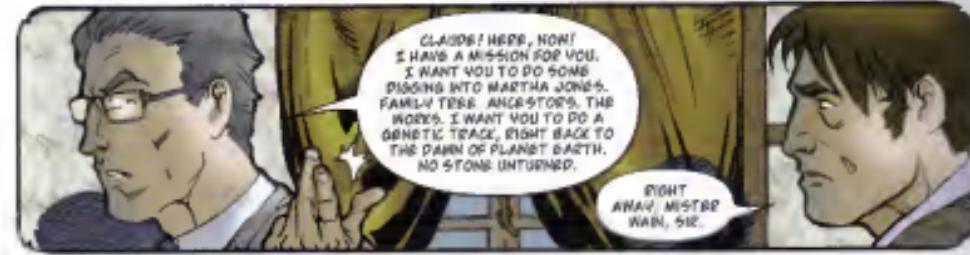
TELL ME SOMETHING
DOCTOR. DO YOU THINK I CAN BE
OF ANY HELP ON THE BATTLEFIELD?
DO YOU THINK THAT EVEN ONE PERSON
COULD BENEFIT FROM MY PRESENCE?
BECAUSE IF YOU SAY YES, I'M WITH YOU
ONE HUNDRED PERCENT. IT'S WHAT I
SHEDDED ON FOR. IT'S WHAT I DO.
DOCTOR AND MARHTA JONES,
TEAM SUPREME. I JUST NEED
YOU TO SAY YES.





TOO EIGHT IT IS. YOU'LL
BEING HOME. GOODBYE AND THANK
YOU FOR GETTING EVERYTHING SO WRONG
MISTEE SLAS MAIN. I DO HOPE WE DON'T
MEET EVER AGAIN. IT'S A BIG UNIVERSE.
SPACE FOR BOTH OF US. I'M SURE.





"AND SO, MUM, HERE I AM. THE PANTHEON BROUGHT US AND THE TARTHS HERE, AND USING THE SONIC STAIN ON THE DOCTOR'S SCREWDRIVER, WE TRACED THE CANNON TO HERE, TO THE RUINS OF WHAT WAS ONCE A LUSH GREEN PLANET."

"I HEARD SOMEBODY SAY IT WAS CALLED EARTH. ALL I KNOW IS THAT IT'S THE CLOSEST TO THE REACH AND IN ABOUT TEN MINUTES, THE DOCTOR IS GOING TO USE THAT SONIC CANNON TO CHANNEL NOT JUST IT'S OWN SONIC POWER, BUT ALL THE PSYCHIC ENERGY OF THE BILLIONS OF PEOPLE TRANSPORTED BY THE PANTHEON TO THE OTHER PLANETS IN THIS ALIGNMENT."

"THEY AREN'T FIGHTERS LIKE THESE PEOPLE — THEY'RE PEOPLE VOLUNTEERED TO BE THE ADVANCE GUARD, TO GIVE THE OTHERS TIME TO PREPARE THEMSELVES MENTALLY. A COUPLE OF THE PANTHEON ARE WITH THEM, HELPING SOOTHE THEM, MENTALLY."

"I DON'T LIKE THIS. I DON'T LIKE THE WAR, THE DEATH. THE THOUGHT THAT THESE PEOPLE'S BRAINS MIGHT GET FIRED, BUT I'M STILL GLAD THE DOCTOR SAID 'YES'."









"DON'T COUNT YOUR CHICKENS JUST YET, MARTHA..."

"I DON'T BELIEVE IT — THE PANTHEON GOT IT RIGHT! THE PLAN WORKS!"

"DOCTOR, MY FELLOW PANTHEON REPORT THIS POPULATIONS ARE BREAKING, THEY HAVE NO ENERGY LEFT..."

"ONE LAST CONCENTRATED EFFORT..."

"THAT'S ENOUGH, STOP... EVERYTHING STOP!"

"IT'S OVER..."



WiiBlueZero

